THE DITTY.

or the

Shipwreck'd Seaman's Story;

Sung by

Mr. Incledon,

with Unbounded Applause at the

Theatre Royal. Covent Garden.

written by

T. DIBDIN.

Adapted by

J. Davy.

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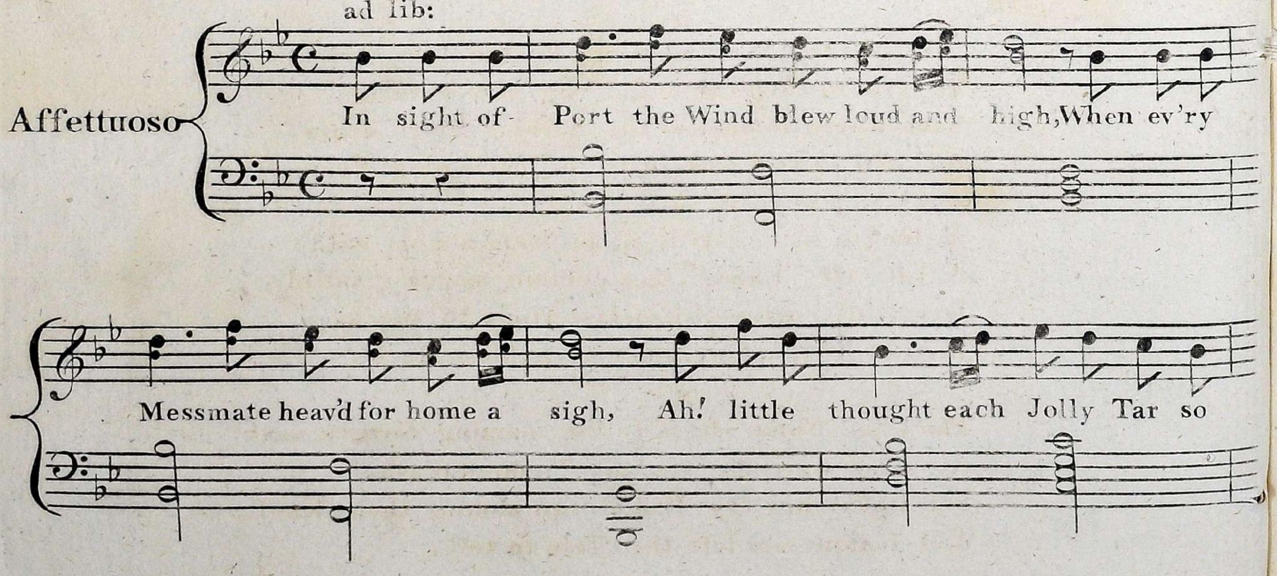

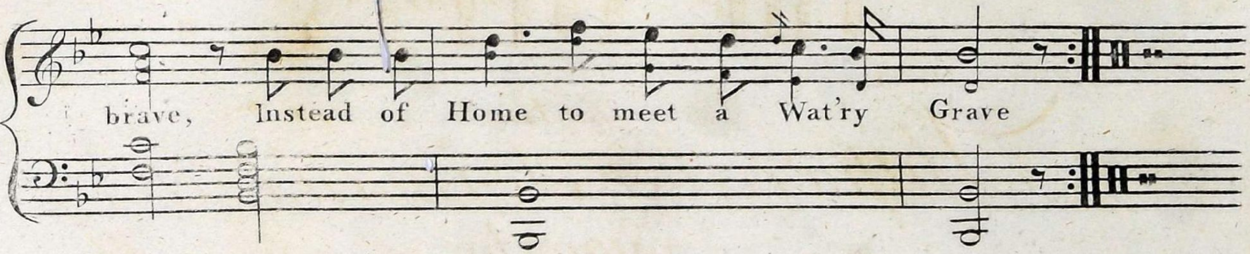

2

Fore, aft, above, below all hands we call,
And ev'ry Sheet of Canvas in we hawl,
Yet vain his art the able Seaman tries,
The Storm encreases, and new dangers rise.

3

All Night our Vessel labour'd thro' the Tide,
Now over Mountain billows see her ride,
Now darting down amidst the briny deep,
Where coldly tomb'd too many Heroes Sleep.

4

The Morning dawn'd but cheerless came its light,
Our parting Convoy scatter'd far from sight,
One hapless Vessel only we espied,
Alas! to see her sinking by our side.

5

See angry Lightning from the sable Clouds,
Now strikes the Mast or fires the useless Shrouds,
And hark! the labour'd Pumps too well bespeak
How pours the Water through the fatal Leak.

6

While Hope the trembling Bosom fast forsakes,
To Pray'rs each Tar despairing now betakes,
Save, where some few the burning Spirit drain,
And add false Courage to the madd'ning Brain.

7

At length with Joyful Transports almost wild,
A Tar cries Land! thus fortune seeming smild,
Deceitful Fortune, Lifes last Hope to mock,
Instead of Land we meet a faithless Rock.

8

The Chain Pump choak'd, the foaming Surges dash,
At ev'ry wave the starting Timbers crash.
She sinks, they cry, Old Ocean sounds their Knell,
And I alone am left the Tale to tell.